

Saturday Night Talks
By F. E. DAVISON
Rutland, Vt.

THE ALCOHOLIC NIAGARA.

Nov. 29, '08—(Isa. 28: 1-13.)

Drunkness is not a product of modern times as men sometimes claim. The picture presented in Isaiah 28 is true to life, and must have been drawn by an artist who had stood face to face with a bleary-eyed, red-faced, feature-battered, foul-smelling, muddle-brained, indecent inebriate. Then, as now, wine was a mocker, strong drink was raging, and whosoever was deceived thereby was not wise.

And yet, familiar as the picture upon which this writer looked, and upon which some look every day they live, it nevertheless is one upon which many to-day look with the indifference of fancied security, or the impatience of ignoble selfishness.

The Bright Side.

See that young man—that one who stands by the bar, under the light of that flashing chandelier, surrounded by well-dressed companions, his ear greeted with voluptuous and dreamy music, his eye feasting the lust of his heart as he gazes upon the splendidly indecent colorings of the picture hanging upon the wall,—he is not drunk, his companions are not intoxicated, no bloated wreck of manhood is allowed to darken those doors. He will laugh in your face if you touch his arm, and warn him of the dangers of strong drink. He will consider you lacking in ordinary politeness if you venture to hint that at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. He is away up stream floating in a gilded barge on a broad and peaceful river, in which there is no sign of a current. And you cannot make him believe that Niagara is only a few miles down that same stream, and the hell of the whirlpool rapids. That is not drunkness—it is only the amiable side of alcoholic exhilaration.

Below the Falls.

But if you want to see the fate of countless thousands of such beginners you need not go far to find it. Take Isaiah's arm, take Solomon's arm, or better yet, take a modern policeman's arm and go with him where drunkness holds its orgies of lust and blood. Plunge down, down, down into what is appropriately called a "Dive," and in the light of the policeman's lantern look at those piles of dirty rags, whereon are lying father, mother and daughter in the stupefaction of drink. Stoop down and look into those faces, bloated, purple, open of mouth and gashed with wounds, and then stagger out into the night to look into other dens where women, or what were once women, are shrieking, fighting, blaspheming or pawning their miserable garments for the leverage of hell, and there you will see drunkness in all its horrid reality. This is Niagara Falls, this is the whirlpool of destruction.

Where did all these people come from? From up the river. Not one of them jumped in here at first. They all started in the pleasure boat, on the calm bosom of the peaceful river, away up stream. Does every one who begins that pleasure trip inevitably come over the falls? Certainly not. Thousands take warning and disembark before they lose control of the boat in the treacherous current. They are escaping on every side, every day. But alas! How many awake to the peril when it is too late. No, not every one who floats on that stream goes over, but everyone who is in the awful whirlpool of destruction came from up stream. They were once well-dressed, with good health, with fine prospects, with plenty of money, with numerous friends. They saw others drinking, and they imitated their example. They heard others scoff at the arguments of old fogies, and they scoffed with them. They observed others pulling their boats, to the sound of sweet music on the bosom of a softly flowing river, and they said, "We can do it." And here they are, with bleared eyes, shattered nerves, palsied limbs, clouded judgments, besotted intellects, wasted powers, silly, blasphemous, obscene, incoherent, ridiculous, a sight to arouse the ribald mirth of the thoughtless, but to make angels weep.

Seldom Rescued.

For down there there is scarcely ever rescue. Once in a while strong arms may drag a shrieking victim to the shore out of the vortex in which thousands are going down. But such cases are rare. A young man may occasionally be restored after he has gone down into the whirlpool; he may have will power enough, and pride enough, and ambition enough, and self respect enough to co-operate with those who are interested in him so that he may escape a drunkard's fate; but when all of manhood's qualities have been dashed out by the fearful plunge, God only knows whether there is hope for such.

The Warning Fog Bell.

This lesson in Isaiah is a fog bell on a perilous coast. There is no particular music in it. Those who are on shore, and in no danger, sometimes complain at its discordant tones. But the people who have gone over the cataract do not jeer. Down there in the whirlpool there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

TORNADO IN ARKANSAS KILLS SCORE OR MORE.

Sweeps Strip Two Miles Wide and Seventy Long—Breaks Long Drouth in Southwest.

St. Louis, Nov. 25.—The long drouth in this part of the country came to a violent end when the wind accompanying a heavy rain wrought havoc from the coast of Louisiana through Arkansas to the Ozark Mountains in Missouri. From meagre reports from a score of towns in northeastern Arkansas twenty-five persons were killed, fifty were injured and a number are missing in a tornado which swept through a section of country two miles wide and seventy miles long.

The force of the storm was felt greatest in the vicinity of Ozark, Ark., the small town of Gravens, four miles west, being completely wiped out. Four persons were killed and three fatally injured. Three men, two women and three children are reported missing. At Knoxville, Ark., the storm crossed over at the mouth of Piney Creek, demolishing everything in its path. Twenty persons were injured and several are reported killed. Calls for physicians have been sent from Barr, a small town northeast of Knoxville. Barr was swept nearly off the map. The country between Knoxville and Barr was devastated.

CONFESSES PLOT TO KILL GRANDFATHER.

Grandson Says Two Chums Tried to Rob and Then Slew Read.

Vineland, N. J., Nov. 19.—Under a pitiless cross-examination by Detective Spencer, who arrested him, nineteen-year-old Walter Zeller confessed that he was one of three young men in a plot to kill his grandfather, William Read, who was beaten and shot to death at his home here.

Zeller broke down and declared that Cline Wheeler and Herbert Griggs, his chums on Halloween night, entered the old man's house and attempted to rob him, but were scared away. They planned another entrance, and Zeller says that while he stood a block away from the house, his companions got in and struck the old man as he lay asleep. The blow was not heavy enough to cause death.

Read revived while the young men were ransacking the house. He staggered toward them, and Griggs, Zeller says, fired the shot. Griggs and Wheeler have been arrested.

RECLUSE WHO DIED IN HUT LEFT \$28,956.

Seven Cousins to Profit by the "Poverty" of William Henry Jayne.

Hempstead, L. I., Nov. 25.—Residents of Hempstead were much surprised to learn to-day that \$28,956.95 was the amount of the appraisal of the estate of William Henry Jayne, the eccentric recluse who was found dead last October in a hut on his farm in the rear of the Cathedral of the Incarnation, at Garden City, where he had lived alone and in poverty for more than half a century.

Mayor by a Plurality of One.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 20.—Justice Minturn filed in the Supreme Court a decision declaring legal the election of John C. Steelman as Mayor of Linwood, Atlantic County. He was elected Nov. 3 by a plurality of one vote. Mayor Steelman will now be seated.

Bank Dynamited and Robbed.
Sedalia, Mo., Nov. 24.—The Bank of Sweet Springs, Mo., was wrecked by dynamite and robbed of \$5,500 in currency.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices of Farm Products Quoted for the Week.

- WHEAT—No. 2, Red, \$1.12 1/2 @ \$1.13 1/2. No. 1, Northern Duluth, \$1.16 1/2.
- CORN—No. 2, 71 @ 71 1/2.
- OATS—Mixed, 53 1/2 @ 54.
- MILK—Per quart, 3 3/4 c.
- BUTTER—Western firsts, 25 @ 28. State Dairy, 24 @ 27.
- CHEESE—State full cream, 14 @ 15.
- EGGS—State, Fair to choice, 35 @ 54, do., western firsts, 33c @ 34c.
- SHEEP—Per 100 lbs., \$2.50 @ 4.12 1/2.
- BEEVES—City Dressed, 7 1/2 @ 10 1/2.
- CALVES—City Dressed, 7 1/2 @ 13 1/2.
- HOGS—Live per 100 lbs., 4.60 @ 5.90.
- HAY—Prime per 100 lbs., 85c.
- STRAW—Long Rye, per 100 lbs., 80 @ 90.
- APPLES—King per bbl., \$2.50 @ \$4.00; Ben Davis, per bbl., \$2.00 @ \$3.00; Greenings, per bbl., \$2.00 @ \$3.50.
- CRANBERRIES—C. Cod, per bbl., \$7.00 @ 11.00; Jersey, per crate, \$2.25 @ 2.75.
- LIVE POULTRY—Spring Chickens, per lb., 12 1/2 c.; Turkeys per lb., 10 @ 15c.; Ducks, per lb., 11 @ 12c.; Fowls, per lb., 11 1/2 c.
- DRESSED POULTRY—Turkeys, per lb., 16 @ 19c.; Fowls, per lb., 10 @ 14c.; Broilers, Phila., per lb., 22c.
- VEGETABLES—Potatoes, Jersey, per bbl., \$1.75 @ 2.10.
- ONIONS—L. L., per bbl., \$1.25 @ \$1.75; Jersey, red, per bbl., \$1.25 @ 1.62.
- TOMATOES—Per box, \$1.50.

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